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Handsomely printed, kept constantly on hand, and
for sale low.
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are our authorized Agents, at Huntsville.

NEW SPRING AND SUMMER GOODS.
J. RIDDELSBARGER. JOHN D. PERRY.

R. Riddelsbarger & Co.
RESPECTFULLY call the attention of their
old friends, and purchasers of goods gen-
erally, to their very extensive stock of Season-
able goods, comprising in part—
Cloths, Cassimeres and Kentucky Jeans,
French and Fancy striped Summer Cassimeres,
Striped, checked, and plain Linens.
A great variety of Summer stuffs, for boys
and youths.

Silk and Marseilles Vesting,
Silk and Cotton Cravats,
Stocks, Gloves and Silk pocket hdkfs.,
A very large stock of Hats, Boots and Shoes,
400 ps. of English and American Calicoes,
Scotch Ginghams and Lawns,
Organda and painted muslins,
Mohair Lustres, for Ladies dresses,
Tartan plaids and Embroidered Barges,
Balmoral Hosiery and plaid Ginghams,
Extra real Alpaca, black and cold,
Mull, Swiss and Book Muslin,
Jaconet, Cambric and Bishop Lawns,
Black Italian Silk,
Blue and black satin striped silk,
Fig'd and Fancy cold do.
Linen and Silk Pocket hdkfs.,
French, needle worked collars,
Ladies' Cravats and Ties,
White, black and pink crapes,
Rich black Silk Shawls,
" cold do.
Embroidered Mous De Lane Shawls,
Plain black do.
Rich heavy fringed black Silk Shawls,
" cold do.
Black Cashmere do.
Thread and Lisle Laces and Edgings,
Silk Gloves and Mitts, long and short,
Black and cold Kid Gloves,
Rich Bonnet and Cap Ribbons,
The latest style of Bonnets and Flowers,
Silk, Cotton and Cashmere hose,
Swiss edgings and Laces,
Grass and Marseilles Skirts,
Rich satin striped Barge Scarfs,
Table and towel diaper,
Bleached and brown domestic,
Bleached and brown drillings,
Osnaburg, Bed Ticking and Cotton Yarns.
HARDWARE AND CUTLERY.
Collins' and Hunt's axes,
Drawing Knives and hatchets,
Trace chains, hames and horse collars,
Blind bridles, back bands and Saddlebags,
Knives and forks, Spoons, butcher and Shoe
Hammers, and a variety of other articles in that line.
GROCERIES.
Sugar, Coffee, Tea, Molasses and Salt,
Allspice, Pepper, Ginger, Nutmegs,
Rice, Saleratus, Camphor and Cloves, together
with a general assortment of Queens, China and
Glassware.
We also have on hand a general assortment of
Iron, Steel, Nails and Castings, all of which will
be sold at the lowest possible prices to our cus-
tomers, or exchanged for the following kinds of
produce: Hemp, Wheat, Bacon, Linen, Flaxseed,
Beeswax, Feathers, &c.
April 17th, 1847.

LATEST YET.
SWITZLER & SMITH,
HAVING just received their Spring supply
of Goods, respectfully invite the attention
of the public to an ample supply of very desirable
Goods, including
FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC DRY GOODS,
HARDWARE, CHINA & GLASSWARE,
BOOTS AND SHOES,
HATS AND BONNETS,
CASTINGS,
GROCERIES AND DYE STUFFS,
CHINA, GLASS AND QUEENWARE,
WHITE LEAD AND LINSEED OIL,
DRUGS, &c., &c.
Forming on the whole a very full and general
supply, the whole of which are for sale at as low
prices as by any house in the country, for cash
or on our usual terms to punctual customers.
SWITZLER & SMITH.
Fayette, April 24th, 1847.

Fresh Groceries.
WE are now receiving, and offer for sale,
30 hds. prime N. O. Sugar,
60 Sacks " coffee,
40 boxes M. R. raisins,
1 tierce Rice,
40 Kegs Juniaa nails,
10 Tons assorted iron,
3000 lbs. spun cotton,
20 barrels sugar house molasses,
4 " golden syrup,
3000 lbs. No. 1 Leaf Sugar,
5 barrels Lined oil,
100 kegs white Lead,
5 barrels pure Tanner's oil,
3 " Lamp-black,
400 sacks coarse salt,
100 " fine " "
150 bbls. Kanawha " "
Together with a full stock of castings, Glassware,
Window Glass, Brooms, Hames, Black-amth's
Belows, Saleratus, Elyptic springs, &c.
HUGHES, BIRCH & WARD.
Fayette, May 1st, 1847.

Family Groceries.
Loaf and brown Sugars,
Crushed do.
Coffee, Spices, Chocolate, Mustard,
Ground Pepper, Vinegar,
N. O. and Sugar house Molasses,
Mackerel, Vinegar, Tar,
Dry Stuffs, (of all kinds)
Very fine fresh Tea,
Star and Tallow Candles, &c., &c., for sale
by
SWITZLER & SMITH.
Fayette, April 24th, 1847.

CRANEOMETER.—Heads of all shapes and
sizes fitted with beautiful hats, by
S. NOURSE, No. 65 Main Street.
St. Louis, June 24th, 1847.

PERFUMERY.—I have received a large supply
of Perfumery, consisting of Cologne Water,
Cosmetics, Fancy Soaps, Oils, &c., which will
be sold very low.
WM. R. SNEELSON.
Fayette, March 27th, 1847.

BOON'S LICK TIMES.

Vol. 8.

FAYETTE, MISSOURI, SATURDAY, AUGUST 7, 1847.

No. 22.

"ERROR CEASES TO BE DANGEROUS, WHEN REASON IS LEFT FREE TO COMBAT IT."—JEFFERSON.

Rough and Ready.

THE SOLDIER'S STORY.

'Twas in the trench at Vera Cruz.
A group of soldiers lay,
Weary and worn with working
At the guns the livelong day,
Their faces were begrimed with sand
And shot from shot and shell
Exploding in the crumbling earth
For fastly missiles fell.

Yet cheerily they chatted,
For their hearts with hopes beat high
And they knew the hour of victory
Was surely drawing nigh—
There came a war worn soldier,
To mingle with the rest—
They bid him welcome to their cheer
And gave him of the best.

He'd served with General Taylor
And they asked him of the man,
Who first and last had led the way
To victory in the van,
On the winding Rio Grande
On the 8th and 9th of May,
Through Buena Vista's carnage
And the storm of Monterey.

"I knew him first," the soldier said,
Among the Everglades,
When we gave the savage red skins
Our bayonets and our blades,
I think I hear his cheerful voice;
"On! on! steady! steady!"
So hard and so prompt was he
We called him Rough and Ready.

"He rode upon an old white horse,
And wore a brown surcoat—
But oftener, when the ground was deep,
He trudged with us on foot,
The man from whose canteen he drank,
Was envied and thought lucky;
He had the brave and kind good heart
That honored old Kentucky.

'By wounds old worn, I left the field,
But when a new campaign
Against another foe commenced,
I joined the ranks again,
'Twas fun alive, boys once again,
To hear the sabre clank,
To see old Rough and Ready ride
His white horse on our flank.

"At Palo Alto, comrades, there
He gave us work to do,
And o'er La Palma's sulphury smoke
His flag triumphant flew,
When from his fire his aid-de-camp
Would have the chief return,
Old Rough and Ready merely said,
'We'll ride a little nearer.'

"You should have seen the brave old boy
In the streets at Monterey—
When the cannon swept the Plaza,
How he sternly stood at bay,
When shell, and grape, and cannon ball
On their deadly errand went,—
The General seemed a man of steel,
And fire his element.

'And if a wounded soldier
In the streets of Monterey,
Or friend or foe look up to him
Imploping whence he lay,
He stooped to wipe the drops of pain,
That dimmed the marble brow,
Or proffered from his own canteen
A drink—I see him know.

"At red Buena Vista
My part I could not bear—
But they told me that the brown surcoat
And old white horse was there,
And well do I believe it,
For the foe stood four to one,
And without old Rough and Ready
How had the fight been won!

I've worn the sergeant's chevron
And I may wear it yet—
But old Rough and Ready tells me
I shall wear the epaulet—
But in the ranks or out of them
To him I'll still prove steady
And long as I have a tongue to talk
Speak out for Rough and Ready.

So spoke this war worn soldier
To his comrades as they lay
Beneath the breastwork, where they'd served
The guns the livelong day,
And their sleepiness and weariness
It fairly chased away,
When of Rio Grand's hero
Spoke the man from Monterey.

KISSING.

"Pretty women kiss one another in com-
ing into a room because it is a graceful cus-
tom; they do so on going away because
they are delighted to lose sight of each
other. It may do better for them to kiss
each other 'in-doors,' but to see a group of
ladies stop in the street, in 'broad day
light,' and inflict upon each other the hy-
po-critical kiss, appears to us to be disgust-
ing and superlatively silly. It looks like
cannibals essaying to gormandize each
other, and are nearly as much fraught with
'love,' as are many of these man-eating
ceremonies. A kiss is a glorious thing in
its place. The sacred code says, 'Salute
each other with holy affection'—we be-
lieve these are the words—but doesn't say
'engorge each other,' nor leave the sting of
malice upon the face of her whom you
salute."—*Arena.*

THE YOUNG VICTIM.

A SAD STORY OF GAMBLING.

"So young and yet so lost."

A few years since, Mr. Greene, the re-
formed gambler, took passage on board a
steamboat at Louisville, bound for New Or-
leans. A short time after the boat pushed
off, it was discovered that there were no
less than twenty gamblers on board, and
much dissatisfaction was expressed, because
so many had chosen the same boat. It
was soon agreed that ten or fifteen should
return ashore at the first opportunity, and
wait for another boat. Shortly after, this
determination was carried into effect, and
it was while Mr. Greene was standing on
the hurricane deck, noticing the landing of
a portion of his old friends, that his atten-
tion was arrested by a young man looking
anxiously upon the departing gamblers.

He was pale and agitated, and a tear-drop
glistened in his eye. His whole appearance
was so remarkable, that even Greene be-
came excited and interested. He sought
the youth, and asked him whether he was
going? He replied that he "knew not
where," and as if to shun further notice,
left the deck and descended into the cabin.
Greene still more curious, followed him, and
by the expression of sympathy, finally in-
duced him to unbosom himself. He said
that his first reply was correct—that he
really did not know whether he was going.
He was the son of reputable parents in
Boston, and had left that city a few weeks
before for the purpose of visiting Louis-
ville, "which place," he continued, "you
perceive, we have just passed." The rea-
sons for this course were and ones. He had
a sister at Louisville, who had married and
moved thither, while he was yet a child.—
The death of that sister's husband had in-
duced her to write for her brother to come
on, to protect her in her widowhood, and
assist in settling up the estate. His par-
ents provided him with all the necessaries
for the journey, gave him permission to
tarry for a few days at New York and
Philadelphia, should he think proper, and
also gave him about two hundred dollars in
money. All went smoothly and pleasantly
until he arrived in Philadelphia. Here he
took lodgings at the leading hotel, and soon
formed an acquaintance with two young
men of genteel exterior, plausible manners,
and captivating address. Accompanied by
them, he, during the day, visited several of
the leading institutions, and at night ac-
cepted an invitation to play a game of
whist, the only game of cards with which
he was familiar. Several days and even-
ings were occupied in a similar manner.—
He then determined to continue his jour-
ney, which he did, by taking passage in
one of the lines for Pittsburgh. On appear-
ing at the depot the next morning, he was
delighted to find his two companions.—
They also had business west, and they re-
garded it as a pleasure to have so agreeable
a companion. After exhausting the ordi-
nary topics of the day, the game of whist
was again thought of and renewed. They
first played for the cards, then for the
liquor, and finally, for small sums of money.
The youth became excited, and ere they
reached the iron city, he had lost every dol-
lar that belonged to him, with a sum left
just sufficient to pay his passage from Pitts-
burg to Louisville. But again the strangers
made their appearance on board the Ohio
river steamer, and in hope of receiving
what he had lost, the deluded young man
played again, when his gold watch was the
sacrifice. On arriving at Cincinnati, he
was nearly mad. He then bethought him-
self of a package which his mother had
confided to him for his sister. He sought
for it in his trunk, found and opened it.—
It contained a necklace as a love-gift, and
an unsealed letter, in which was enclosed
a bank note for \$100. Still tempted by
the demon of gambling, and still anxious to
regain what he had lost, he returned to his
vile companions and whist. He played
hour after hour, lost the money, then staked
and lost the necklace. At this point, the
horror of his situation was indescribable.
Louisville was at hand, but how could he
meet his sister? How could he explain his
folly, his infatuation and crime. He had
left home with a good name, on a mission
of sacred duty, and he was now a thief and
a robber. He had misemployed funds
given under hallowed circumstances, and
his condition was indeed desperate. Con-
fused and perplexed, he at last determined
to rush from the boat, leave the rifled pack-
age at the house of his sister, return and
follow the fortunes of the gamblers, who
had tempted and betrayed him, in the hope
that they would not be so heartless as to
throw him off. But this hope was of short
duration, for they were among the party
that left the boat as above described, in
consequence of being too many of the
fraternity on board. It was while they
were returning that he was noticed by
Greene, and hence a tear forced itself to his
eye, when he realized the loneliness and
wretchedness of his condition. He was an
outcast and a robber—had become so in
a few days from having ventured upon
what he called an innocent game of whist
and thus he truly said in reply to the ques-
tion that had been put to him—that he
knew not whether he was going. Greene
advised him to return to his sister and make
a frank confession—but his heart failed
him—he had not the moral nerve. He could
not meet the being he had so bitterly
wronged. He gratefully accepted a slight
loan from Greene and soon after departed.
Two years rolled by. Greene was again on
the Mississippi, a passenger on the steamer
Mediterranean, on her way from Orleans
to Louisville. An accident happened by
which she was induced to stop near Pia-
quemine. While there a fellow passenger

remarked that he had just witnessed a hor-
rible sight upon the forward deck of the
boat.

"Ah!" exclaimed Greene—and immedi-
ately proceeded to the spot designated. He
there beheld five men in chains—convicts
on their way from New Orleans to Baton
Rouge, where the Penitentiary of Louisi-
ana is located. Among them was young
Melmont, the wretched youth whose
unfortunate journey from Boston to Louis-
ville we have so hastily described. He had
but a few days before been convicted of
forgery, and sentenced to the state's prison
for five years. This is no fiction, but a
true story and the moral it conveys as to
the danger of gambling cannot be mista-
ken.

TOASTS.

DRANK AT THE BARBACUE GIVEN AT FAYETTE TO
THE RETURNED VOLUNTEERS OF HOWARD AND
OTHER COUNTIES, 23d JULY, 1847. C. F. JACK-
SON, ESQ. ACTING AS PRESIDENT, AND JOHN VI-
LEY, ESQ. AS VICE PRESIDENT.

By Wm. T. Lowry. *James K. Polk, Presi-
dent of the U. S. and his Working Cabinet.*—In
the midst of a foreign war which has been
forced upon us, we have a full treasury, the best
currency in the world, and a happy people.—
The American people appreciate their worth.
By Miss Mary Benton Lowry. *Col. T. H.
Benton.*—The great Missouri Senator.
By Th. H. McKee. *His Excellency J. C.
Edwards.*—The patriot and statesman—superior
to the calumny of enemies. His virtues,
his talents, and his stern integrity, shall re-
ceive their reward.

By Dr. John J. Lowry. *Col. Doniphan and
his brave companions in arms, Officers and Pri-
vates.* They have performed for their country
what might be considered, almost a miracle at
the battle of Sacramento; their country feels
grateful for their arduous and chivalrous ser-
vices—welcome home.

By Jas. H. Crews. *The brave and patient
Major Owens,* who fell at Sacramento.

By A. J. Grigsby. *Woman.*—The friend
and best gift God ever gave to man; may she
ever be cherished as she deserves.

By Wm. M. Hines. *The Missouri Volunteers.*
—May they shine as leading planets; the Amer-
ican eagle arose in the east, alighting the
west; may it flap its wings from north to south.

By R. R. Bohannon. *The Missouri Volunteers
and the brave Lieut. Col. Jackson.*—He is always
sure of his turkey.

By Wm. McNair. *The Heroes of Sacramento.*
—They have taught nations that, when they
saw wind, they will most assuredly reap the
whirlwind.

By L. A. Wisely. *Missouri Volunteers.*—The
heroes of Bracito and Sacramento; may they
ever live to enjoy the honors they have won.

By A. Leonard. *Howard County.*—One year
ago she sent forth her young men in defence
of the country; to-day, she receives them back,
travel-worn, and covered with glory.

By Boyd M. McCrary. *The Volunteers and
Regulars of the U. S. Army.*—The battles of Pa-
lo Alto, Resaca de la Palma, Monterey, Buena
Vista, Vera Cruz, Cerro Gordo, Embuda, Pua-
bla de Taos, Bracito, and Sacramento, speak
volumes for those bands of brave men.

By John Fort. *Willard P. Hall, Esq.*—The
brave volunteer and member of Congress elect;
a man devoted to the people's cause.

By Frances J. Fort. *The Volunteers of Old
Howard.*—By their brave acts at Bracito, and
Sacramento, merit the applause of their coun-
trymen; welcome home.

By John J. Lowry, Jr. *Major Gilpin.*—The
Bonaparte of the West.

By H. M'Wen. *The Missouri Volunteers.*—
May they be as prosperous during the remain-
der of their lives, as they were rough, and rag-
ged, and ready, during their Mexican campaign.

By Wm. Taylor. *The Present War.*—Altho'
it might have been avoided; now, it requires
and demands a vigorous prosecution—"a little
more grape."

By a Volunteer.—How can the whigs of the
west, who support the present war with Mexi-
co, sustain the anti-American speech of Senator
Corwin, of Ohio, and other speeches of blue-
light federalists, in Congress and out of it, who
contend for Mexican interest, and against the
honor and interest of their own country? Is
such a course giving "aid and comfort" to the
Mexican nation?

By Geo W. Wear. *The Ladies of Old How-
ard.*—Always ready to receive the war-worn
soldier, the proof of which is made manifest on
this day; may God bless them.

By Andrew Cooper. *The Howard Volun-
teers.*—Brave and energetic; they have nobly
done their duty, and deserve their country's
gratitude.

By D. W. Bouldin. *Major Gilpin.*—Long may
he live in the hearts of his men as he now does,
and may the people learn his worth.

By J. W. Rollins. *Col's Xenophon and Doni-
phan.*—The two great military pedestrians—
each performing a perilous expedition into an
enemy's country; the former making good his
retreat with 10,000 Greeks, after their defeat
upon the plains of Cunara; the latter marching
a greater distance in less time, and planting ev-
ery where the stars and the stripes victorious;
conquering cities, subjugating and giving laws
to distant states, winning brilliant victories over
superior numbers; thus illustrating the differ-
ence between Greek and American, ancient and
modern valor and enterprise.

By H. T. Fort. *The Volunteers and Regu-
lars of the U. S.*—A band of invincible heroes;
have covered themselves and their country in
imperishable glory.

By Lieutenant Jno Hinton. *Major Gilpin.*—
The brave and skillful officer, the Napoleon of
the Missouri regiment; always in the lead.

By W. T. Robinson. All honor to those gal-
lant men who have been exposed to every dan-
ger incident to military life, have fought many
severe battles, and encountered the vicissitudes
of heat and cold, in supporting the honor and
rights of our proud republic; language is inad-
equately to express the admiration and applause
due their extraordinary achievements.

By John J. Lowry. *The Missouri Volun-
teers in the Mexican War.*—They have won
for themselves unfading laurels and imperish-
able honors; for their country, they have put
forever at rest, a doubt which existed in the
minds of some of our statesmen, that the mil-
itary could not be depended on, where the battle
may be bloody and closely contested.

By Dr. C. M. Bradford. *Captain Jno W. Reid,*

of Saline.—The hero, the flower of honor and
chivalry.

By John W. Price. *Tom Corwin.*—The phy-
sician of the cold drench.

By Andrew Jackson Fort. The brave charge
of Capt Reid, both Officers and Privates, at the
battle of Sacramento, we trust will, before long,
be put rightly before the people.

By J. B. Raines. *Remarkable Co incident.*—On
the very day—23d Feb. 1847—the battle of
Buena Vista, when the chivalrous Colonel Yell
yielded up his mighty spirit, the heroic Colonel
Harden fell leading his men on to victory, and
the undaunted Col Clay was butchered nobly
fighting for his country, the tory like George
Evans, of Maine, was making a declamatory
speech against his country, in the U. S. Senate.
Are not such men traitors?

By Jas Jackson, Sr. Thomas Ritchie, Editor
of the Union.—The able advocate of his coun-
try's rights in the present Mexican war, against
those members of Congress, who refused, for a
time, to vote men or money! Is it too harsh
to call such men traitors to their country?

By Dr John J. Lowry.—Capt Walker, who so
distinguished himself in the battles of Mexico,
being asked by Mr Webster when we shall have
peace, promptly answered, "Just as soon as you
whigs act like men and support your country."

By John W. Price. *Oh! Traitors to our Coun-
try!*—While our brave army was fighting the
battles of our country, in Mexico, the following
twenty-eight members of Congress refused to
vote one cent for their pay, viz:

Amos Abbott, George Ashman, Joseph
Grinnell, Artemus Hale, Daniel P. King,
Charles Hudson, Julius Rockwell Benjamin
Thompson, Robert C. Winthrop, of Massa-
chusetts; Luther Lawrence, of Maine; Geo.
P. Marsh, Solomon Foster, of Vermont; Ro-
bert V. Cranston, of Rhode Island, Truman
Smith of Connecticut; Abner Louis, Wm. A.
Moseley, Thomas Ripley, of New York; Ab-
raham M. Reine, of Pennsylvania; Colum-
bus Delano, Joshua D. Giddings, Joseph M.
Root, Robert C. Schenck, Daniel R. Tilden,
Joseph Vance, S. F. Vinton, of Ohio; E. W.
M. Gough, C. B. Smith, of Indiana; J.
Henry, of Illinois.

By C. F. Jackson. *The Citizen Soldier.*—
The stay and support of government in time of
peace; its main reliance in time of war.

Indian Country.—The Union (Washing-
ton) says measures have been taken to ob-
tain peaceable possession of the ringlanders
among the Sioux, who have been engaged
in recent marauding expedition against other
tribes. The annuities due the tribe will
be withheld until it makes reparation for the
past, and gives pledges for the future.—
If necessary, the troops sent into that re-
gion will enforce the demand of the gov-
ernment. Those troops have also been or-
dered to break up the Pawnee village, south
of the Platte river, and force the tribe to
comply with its treaty engagements by
moving north of that river. The guilty
marauders will be demanded for punish-
ment and as hostages. An officer has been
specially charged with the protection of the
frontier, with power to call for additional
troops, if necessary.

We know not to what officer allusion is
made, nor the number of men under his
command; but the recent difficulties along
the Santa Fe trail require the presence of
at least a battalion of men to act as
rangers, in keeping open communications
with New Mexico. The Oregon battalion
will find ample employment along the Ore-
gon route, and another would be of great
service in the direction of Santa Fe.—*St.
Louis Union.*

A FATHER AND HIS CHILDREN.—A gen-
tleman had two children; one a daughter,
who was considered plain in her person;
the other a son, who was reckoned hand-
some. One day as they were playing to-
gether, they saw their faces in a looking
glass. The boy was charmed with his
beauty, and spoke of it to his sister, who
considered his remarks so many reflections
on her want of it. She told her father of the
affair, and complained of her brother's
rudeness. The father, instead of ap-
pearing angry, took them both on his
knees, and with much affection, gave them
the following advice: "I would have you
both look in the glass every day; you, my
son, that you may be reminded never to
dishonor the beauty of your face by the de-
formity of your actions; and you, my
daughter, that you may take care, if there
is want of beauty in your person, to hide
it by the superior lustre of your virtues
and amiable conduct."

Appointments by the President.—Sherod
McCall Fenner, receiver of public moneys
for the district of lands subject to sale at
Ouachita, in the State of Louisiana, vice
Hardy Holmes, deceased.

Elisha Morrow, receiver of public moneys
for the district of lands subject to sale at
Green Bay, in the Territory of Wisconsin,
vice Alexander J. Irwin, deceased.

From a meteorological Register kept by
Doctor Barton at Vera Cruz, during the
months of May and June, it appears that
the temperature of the climate there, is far
more equable than in the United States dur-
ing the summer. The mean height of the
thermometer from the middle of May to the
15th of June, was only 82 degrees of Fah-
renheit.

Down.—Never look down. Be up-
high up—your motto. Let the whirlwind
sweep along—no matter—your consolation
is above. Let vials of wrath be poured
upon your head—repine not—you tower
above them all. No man ever perished in
the ditch, who constantly looked up. Those
who look down are always miserable.

A lady's maid told her mistress that she
once swallowed several pins together.—
"Dear me," said the lady, "didn't they kill
you?"

SHORT PATENT SERMON.

Drinking and Thinking.

BY DOW, JR.

I have selected the following as a text
for my discourse:

If a man would be dry, let him drink, drink, drink.
If a man would be wise, let him think, think, think.
If a man would be rich, let him work, work, work.
If he would be fat, eat pork, pork, pork.
But if

A man with ease would study, he must eat, eat, eat,
But little at his dinner, of his meat, meat, meat,
And a youth to be distinguished in his art, art, art,
Must keep the girls away from his heart, heart, heart.

MY HEARERS.—To keep constantly dry,
always wear an oil-cloth dress, carry a
good umbrella, and practice rum drinking.
The two first articles, however, are only
essential in protecting the outside from
superabundant moisture, but the latter
keeps the inside as dry as a stove
pipe. I never saw a drinker but what was
eternally dry—dry in all kinds of weather.
He goes to bed dry, and keeps himself
dry through the day. It's not to be
wondered at; for how can he be otherwise
than dry, when he keeps the blue flames
of hell constantly burning in his bosom,
by pouring double distilled damnation
down his throat. In fact, my friends, the
drunkard is forever dry. The more he
drinks the drier he grows; on his death-bed
he cries for "one drink more for the last,"
and then goes out of the world as thirsty
as though he lived on codfish all the days
of his life. I should not wonder much if
he called for a cocktail at the bar of judg-
ment; and there is no doubt but he would
prefer going to Tophet to abiding in
Heaven, if they only sold liquor there!

My friends—if you would be wise you
must think, think. It's a matter of doubt
to me whether flighty fools or intelligent
dogs do the most thinking. You, perhaps,
think as much as the greatest philosophers,
but the deuce of it is, what do you think
about, and what does it amount to? The
gems of wisdom lie deeply buried, and they
can only be obtained by great mental toil.
You must dig for them like a dog for a
wood-chuck, or you don't get them. The
beginning of wisdom, said my old friend
Solomon, and he knew a thing or two, is
the fear of the Lord; to which I will add,
a defiance of the devil, the doctor and the
sheriff.

My brethren—if you would be rich,
you must work—work—like new cider.—
Idleness works big holes through one's coat,
jacket and trousers, and never provides
means to mend them. You must get it by
bodily and brainy exertion, remove every
obstacle that doubt and fear have implan-
ted in your paths—blast, if necessary, the
rock of salvation—and you will acquire
riches; look out that you don't bring a
plague upon your peace, and lose your
own soul at last.

My worthy friends, if you would be fat,
eat pork and every other kind of adipose
matter, and you will get as fat as a hog
and twice as stupid. I have nothing more
to say on that point.

But my hearers, if you would study
with ease, you must be careful not to over-
load the stomach with meat and vegetables.
The brains and belly are near neighbors
—chum companions. They are so identi-
fied that whatever affects the one is sure to
affect the other. Fancy won't stay about
the premises while a cart load of roast
beef and plum pudding is undergoing the
process of digestion; and imagination takes
wing to get out of smelling distance of the
digesting mass. To think clearly, you
must eat little and stir your stumps.

My young friends—if you would make
much headway in the world, and arrive at
any degree of proficiency in your under-
taking, you must keep the girls away from
your heart. They are troublesome insects
you all know, but you must let them
bother you when business demands your un-
divided attention. Better marry them at
once—commit matrimonial suicide—than
allow them to plague you for a moment.—
So mote it be.

GENERAL TAYLOR.—In further illu-
stration of the political opinions of the gallant
old hero of the Rio Grande, the Norfolk
Herald publishes the following letter from
an officer of the Virginia Regiment, who is